

quiz: is your relationship  one-sided?

# SEVENTEEN

April 1997

the scoop on

## kissing

the good,  
the bad and  
the scary

how to  
tell if  
you're  
a good  
friend

## crush

trauma-rama

## mean girls

how to deal

girls who  
exercise  
themselves  
to death

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# The Omen

Volume 9, Number 3

February 28, 1997

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## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Jon Klein (E-405, box 1568), or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

**"Sexing Down Females To The am"**

**-3rd Bass**

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## The Drug Policy

There is a serious drug problem in this country. Just the other day I was reading about kids taking industrial strength muscle relaxants and winding up in critical condition. There was also a shocking expose on the increased incidence of inhalant use among America's youth. To top it all off, heroin is apparently coming back into vogue.

There can be no doubt that this is a problem of no little importance, and it is clear to me that the root of the problem lies in the drug education policy of this nation. With this in mind, I make yet another suggestion for Hampshire to add to the betterment of the world. The Hampshire educational approach is equipped to be so helpful in this area of youth development, that I predict the the "Hampshire Method" will soon replace Nazi-esque type programs like D.A.R.E. the nation over.

To know where to start we must first ask ourselves: "What is it that makes kids want to sniff glue, when there is such great dope out there?" There is a fundamental flaw in the educational system of the country when you have to start worrying about selling lighter fluid to kids under 18. There is a lady in Eastern Mass who is currently trying to pass a law for the sake of this neurotic cause. Could the problem actually be her inadequate parenting? By the time I was five my mother stopped worrying that I would drink bleach in her absence, as she had taught me how to read the warning labels on bottles. I would of course not be so bold as to say my upbringing was superior, but this is a point which can be of benefit to children everywhere.

The problem is not solely that kids do not know what not to do to get high, but that they don't know to do. Many of the more blindly conservative

of you are probably thinking "they shouldn't take anything at all." You should stop reading this article right now, as it is reality based. The rest of you should know that this second part of the educational policy crisis is centered on the national policy. The government has adopted the asinine position that all drugs are dangerous and bad, and have no place in civilized society. This logic naturally concludes that marijuana is just as bad for America's youth as heroin, or Drano for that matter. The problem here is the obvious one: that pot is not as bad for you as crack, or whippits. There is a whole gamut of evil in drug use, one that should be studied closely by every American youth.

Hampshire's educational system is perfect for studying a subject of such import to young people. This is clearly an issue of interdisciplinary implications. The Hampshire Method will take full advantage of all four schools in an attempt to give juveniles a well rounded knowledge of everything drugs can mean. Being an economist, I will start with what could be the most important part of any analysis; the money aspect. A simple supply and demand analysis can show us that dope is a superior product to glue. The fact that Humboldt gold costs \$60 an eighth and glue only costs \$2.99 means that the demand for the former product is greater than the demand for the latter, at least relative to the supply. Druggies are willing to outbid each other for pot, but not for glue. In America, the land where we let the market make our decisions for us, this phenomenon should send a strong signal.

NS, of course, has some valuable lessons as well. The most toxic and longest lasting negative effect of marijuana is probably toxins ingested

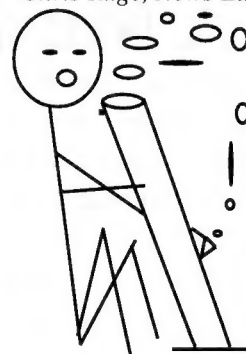
from twinkies. Glue, on the other hand, gets you high by melting your brain cells. The physiological effects alone should make an impact on the student.

In CCS, we can study the philosophy of Nietzsche, providing we have a professor to teach it. In his philosophy we learn that the Dionysian sense of unity can only be gained through an inebriation which allows for identification with others. This is not possible if your only thought is "wah wah wah wah wah."

Finally, HA can instruct the young in the trickiest part of the educational process. Many great writers have written about drug use and abuse. Kerouac used to "smoke a little tea," while he was out listening to the beat tunes of a hot tenorman. Sherlock Holmes once spoke of the effects of cocaine. What the instructors must remember to do is point out that Charles S. Burroughs is a worthless hack.

If we play our cards right, Hampshire could become the new epicenter of drug education. We're talking grants up the wazoo. National recognition. Really interesting commencement speakers. I urge each one of you to consider this matter and make it a part of your divisional work.

If you have any ideas or comments on this, or wish to know some hippie jokes, e-mail me at : chrF92@hamp.hampshire.edu  
-Chris Ruge, News Editor



*"phatty bingers  
of KGB"*  
Chris Ruge  
1997



## News on the UMASS Front

Occupation Gives Lazy Hampshire Students A Chance To Ditch Class, And Do Something Besides Smoking Pot.  
By: Jennifer Barr- Di Piazza,  
Music Editor.

*March 8, 1997--*

Today was the last day of the takeover of Goodell by members of the five college community. The official rally today began at 11am, however, many students had been there since the previous day camping out in tents over night, in freezing temperatures. Some were even sleeping on the hard concrete steps leading up to the building, with only a blanket for protection and warmth. Even though many of them had camped out for the entire 6 days, they were still able to shout encouraging chants such as, "We're cold, we're tired, but we are still inspired!" The chanting, and dancing were some of the sources of warmth for the crowd, but more importantly was the warmth of their love.

The devoted crowd waited in the snow for the next three hours to give hugs to the protesters still inside. One UMASS student went as far as

to say he wasn't leaving the premises until he gave a hug to every single one of them. This is just one example of the abundance of "warm fuzzies" in the air this afternoon.

The make-up of the rally today was a kin to an open mike night at a local coffee shop (except that it was freezing, and everyone was on adrenaline rushes). Anyone who wanted to talk about what was happening was free to take the mike. The only time this didn't work was for a poor guy named Rob who was accused of being an opportunist, by a particular member of the crowd. But I digress...

Before the protestors came out, it was stressed repeatedly by liaisons to the inside, that no matter how excited we were we should not attack them when they came out. For they were all very tired and weary, and had not showered for 6 days. This type of warning just symbolizes how enthusiastic the crowd was. There was an actual concern that we would "scare them". But nothing could explain the emotions that rose when the protestors finally came out. "Pump Up the Jam" by Technotronic was

playing as they started pouring out the door "in an orderly fashion." There was a lot of hugging and crying as the Native American protestors led the crowd into a stomp dance. Then the crowd all joined hands and sang "We have overcome" to congratulate the community for what they had done. Most of the people from the inside gave speeches and personal accounts of the 6 days of occupation, including my UMASS T.A., Tom Taaffe.

However, one message that was stressed the most was that the negotiations with the administration were only the beginning, that there is still so much work to be done, so that the administration can't go back on their word, like they did in 1992. There was a real sense of community with the members of the takeover, and the people on the outside. All felt that they needed to remember the last 6 days, the family they had formed, and that they should not forget about one another, or the cause after they get on with their usual lives on Monday.

*Jenn Barr DiPiazza, Music Editor*

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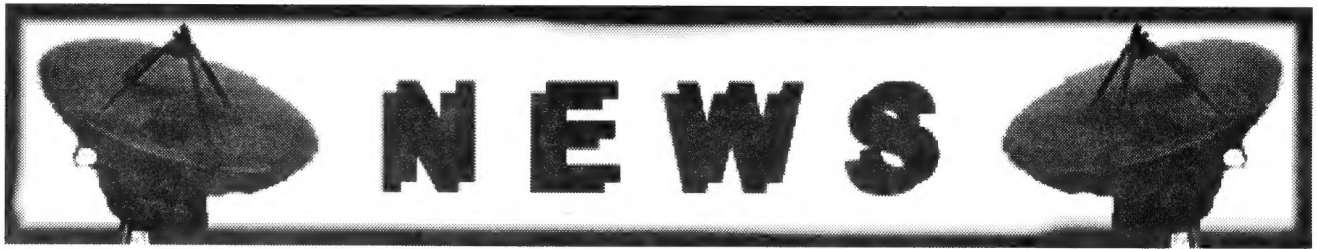
## A Music Editor Speaks Out

Remember the time that Section Hate actually denoted people bitching? (See Omen volume 9, No.4) Remember the time that the Omen was a forum for those big and small, tall and short who wanted to offend little

old ladies? Obviously the present Omen staff does not. I recently attended an informal Omen meeting during which an un-named editor (not Jordan) criticized jokes made in the Omen. Correct me if I am wrong, but I

thought the whole point of the Omen was that it wasn't the Forward!! I would rather eat SAGA's nasty texan-style cod than be forced to compromise my bitchiness in order to write an

*Continued on Page 19*



## News Briefs

- The trustees dined with students on Thursday at SAGA in the middle room. Four trustees and approximately 30 students were in attendance. The Omen was able to speak with Blair Brown, chairman of the board. He expressed particular interest in the ongoings on campus. Conversation centered around the recent student concerns about the budget and faculty issues.

Mr. Brown was quick to point out that there have been no faculty cutbacks or search terminations. The searches were "extended." He also wanted students to be aware that the student to faculty ratio is still 11 to 1, and has been as high as 13 to one in the past.

He was unaware of many of the particulars of the "search extensions," except for the ethnomusicology position. The Omen informed him of the controversy surrounding the Philosophy cuts, as has been brought to campus attention by Matthew Kisner and Leigh Claire LaBerge (who were having what was apparently a pleasant conversation with another trustee). Mr. Brown was interested in these concerns, and seemed as though he would look into them.

Mr. Brown did have a grasp on the history of the col-

lege, and reiterated the initial concept on what the faculty at the college would be like, indicating that Hampshire is designed to attract fresh PhD's for short term appointments on their way up the academic ladder.

Mr. Brown recognized that times and realities have changed here at Hampshire college, and was willing to answer questions on college finance. He was very clear in response to allegations that the board was trying to build an endowment through budget cuts. "The endowment is built entirely from development funds," he said. "It is very important that the school have a balanced budget if it is to have a solid economic future."

"We are prisoners of the numbers," Mr. Brown said. He was adamant about the fact that the board does in fact have a clear economic plan for the future, he continued to ask what was going on on campus. After each response, he would take a note, give a response if appropriate, and then ask "what else?"

The chairman was very clear on what was important to him. At one point during the session he asked each student at the table one poignant question: "How do you feel about the education you've gotten here?" Every student at the table had a

positive response. "To me that is the most important thing," he replied with feigned relief, "everything else is secondary."

- The Lorenzo Gaines hearing has ended. Judicial council is expected to make it's recommendation by the end of the week. On behalf of the community, The Omen wishes to thank both the hearing panel and its secretary Joan Barret, for their weeks of service.

- On a possibly related note, Wil Doane's conduct as chair of Community Council has recently come under question. Although the sources wish to remain anonymous, The Omen will cover this story as it continues to develop.

- Party in Prescott this weekend, distinguishing features included a lovely selection of techno and the presence 40-O's.

- The Omen has declared a winner in the "Why I Hate The Omen" contest. For further information, please see page 15.

- The Omen would like to remind the community that Spring is here, and as surely as sap flows through trees, your hormones will surely be racing. To evoke the words of your mother, as April showers fall, don't forget to wear your rubbers.

-Chris Ruge, News Editor

# A History of Man

In the life of a man, it is essential for him to have brothers. In spite of the magnitude of this need, it has been belittled by powerful forces calling for the assimilation of the genders. Due to the bizarre popularity of androgyny, and the deconstruction of formerly all male institutions, pure brotherhood, the pillar of blood, sweat and honest rivalry, has been delivered a knife in the back. As a result, many men, over the last twenty fratricidal years, have been forced to, most lamentably, "make do" with only their male biological siblings as true comrades. Though brothers of same parents born are naturally of zenith importance to a man, blood brothers of spirit, as adopted through combat, athletics and even bar-hopping, establish a natural hierarchy and alliance, through which the alienation and violence that often define masculinity can be harnessed and more humorously applied to the world.

During World War II, young men established esprit de corps by collectively joining the military to defeat the villainous Axis. During the Vietnam war, men accomplished the same unity by actively avoiding military service. Their actions were approved and applauded by society at the time. In the modern era, men have few opportunities to have even a "Guy's Night Out" without some degree of passive-aggressive or snide harassment from outside parties. Even the college fraternity has been butchered, another victim of cruel and (although not necessarily groundless) stereotypes about masculinity.

Hampshire College has, over the years, presented itself as a radical institution leading the way toward positive social change. Due

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## Mat's Machismo Corner

*Mat Lauritsen, Omen Staffer*

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to this history, Hampshire College is in a position to set a powerful precedent in support of the Fraternity Movement. It could sponsor classes titled "The In and Out of Action Movies," or "The Schwarzenegger Experience; From Conan to T2." It could provide chips and beer to a new group called "The Vikings," who would do battle with a parallel group known as "The Sons of Sparticus."

Better yet, the Hampshire community, men and chattel alike, could erect a twenty-six story frat-house, of solid steel and concrete construction, modeled after the UMASS library. After months of brutal labor, costing the lives of many slaves, a great ceremony celebrating the finished shrine could take place, involving the sacrifice of twenty-six young virgins and a keg of beer. Not only would the traditional males of the Hampshire populous finally be granted a taste of true justice by virtue of this structure, but also would the general public have a place to relax as they performed their devious and questionable activities.

Many might argue that men have had their many days in the sun over the past several thousand years, and that they do not deserve such tributes, already being gluttons and self-centered egoists. They would argue that not only do men not need a twenty-six story phallic playground, they should be *ashamed* of wanting one! These insensitive objectors are missing the point of the Fraternity Movement entirely. The gluttonous and egotistical qualities of men are precisely what entitles

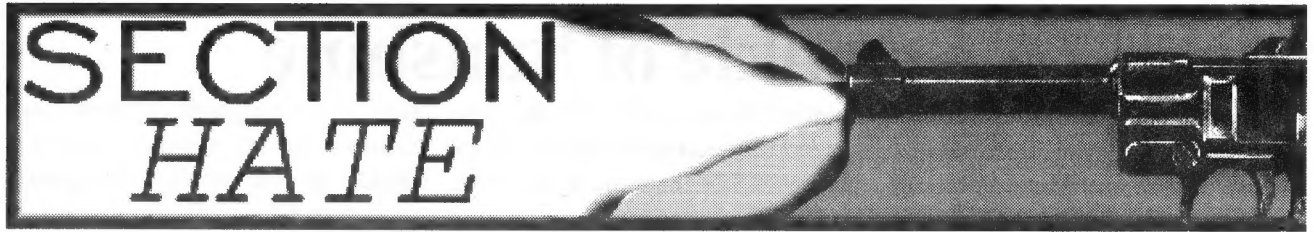
them to these desserts. Just picture a small boy looking through the window of a toy store trembling and shouting with desire for his ideal toy. The boy is not considering the expense of the toy, nor he is not regretting his selfish tantrum in the toy's honor. When his parents fail to give him his precious toy, he becomes still more violent and capable of hell-raising. The boy, once a man, is forever scarred by his unfulfilled longing, and will regard the world as a terrible abyss unworthy of his talent and consideration. Can mankind really afford to exclude half of the population of the earth from contributing to the glory of humanity?

To avoid a damaging tantrum, men must walk a long road toward satisfaction. Through the formation of underground societies, and vast spy networks assuring the governmental cooperation, the battle can be won in favor of drinking straight out of the milk carton, head butting, and urinals. As the government attempts to iron out the differences between the genders, men must consciously throw forth their intrinsic culture. The hardened warriors of our ancestors, our ancient kings and chiefs, would never have tolerated the effeminacy of today's society. Therefore, neither should we.

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*The Omen is looking for someone with some graphics arts experience to help punch up the layout and add banners to some of the columns. If you are good at drawing, particularly talented at computer graphics, happened to be named Scott Wilcox, or just have some cover ideas, please contact one of the editors.*

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## Section Constructive Criticism

Diana Vreeland was always slightly shy of Coco Chanel. But of course, Coco was known by plenty as impossible. "She had an utterly malicious tongue," Diana Vreeland noted. "Once, apparently, she'd said that I was the most pretentious woman she'd ever met." One night Coco was going to stay in New York on her way to Paris from Hawaii. Diana invited her to dinner. Coco said, "No, no, no. Too strenuous. I'm too tired. I'm too bored! I can't wait to get back to Paris." Then there was a phone call saying,

"Mademoiselle would love to come for dinner if she doesn't have to talk."

I thought about this rather amusing story after a modest dinner for Peter Friedman and Jean-Francois Brunet at The Q.C.A. Center to celebrate the release of their critically-acclaimed new film DEATH BY DESIGN. The turnout was slightly impressive for a Hampshire event... SLIGHTLY. When the Office of Alumni Relations attempts to create important relationships between current students and prominent alumni, the response has been nothing short of insulting! Why do Hampshire students have so much idle fun by not participating in events scheduled for their personal and academic enrichment? Are they just too secure in their "starving artist" mode to want to meet people who may someday offer them a J-O-B? If all else fails, the most Hampshiresque thing to do is to either transfer or go on leave and

never come back—right?

Hampshire College students amaze me. The apathy at this school is just as brittle as the bad taste in my mouth when I see just how hard some people try to impress themselves. The idiosyncratic ways of some people here are nothing but folly. Surely, it doesn't take a few gulps of Calvados to notice how hard people here attempt to "do their own thing."

With one look, it's quite obvious too many people here look alike. Nevermind Durkheim's definition of community. The lack of community at Hampshire is P-A-T-H-E-T-I-C and unnecessary. For once, consider the amount of effort the organizers of an event put in to bring a prominent speaker on campus. As such an organizer, not only do I have to run around this architecturally-challenged school to poster a hundred or so flyers, but I have to decipher the ways of the postal worker when stuffing handwritten invitations! Since I am at Hampshire, I've learned to accept that people won't appreciate the efforts of people like myself—but not without conditions, mind you. Why should I suffer under the apathetic ways of some of my fellow politically - correct Hampsters?

Some Personal History: I transferred to Hampshire under the ILLUSION that students here would care so much more than the boring business students at my old school. Boy (or Girl), was I wrong! I'm going to refrain from asking questions or creating dialogue about

WHY the Ostudents at Hampshire choose to hide out in their rooms, too afraid to see what the real world is all about. Students at UMass and other schools aren't as lucky as we are to have alumni who care enough to offer internships and agree to meet one on one with students who are earnestly pursuing life after Hampshire. Students here take so many things for granted. When the students start to feel that an organization doesn't represent them or best serves their needs, they are quick to plaster the campus with spiteful flyers about how the particular organization is neglecting them. But what good is that when NO ONE bothers to show up to all-community meetings and special events organized with the intention to serve the so-called "community"? Fuckin' make an appearance to a damn meeting and spearhead a fuckin' committee for once instead of just staying in your room smoking pot or spewing theory back and forth. You know how guilty you feel right now. Either you live with it or not, that's your shit.

Enough said.

-V Souvannasane, Section Hate Editor

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*The Omen is still searching for a Section Hate editor. If you want it, Vaughn, it's yours.*



# A Sprinkle of Sunshine

She knows what she is doing. And she does it well. For the past twenty-five years. Annie Sprinkle, porn queen, has rocked the world of smut. But she has a purpose, or at least now she does, and she showed it off in *Hardcore from the Heart*, her film diary, at Pearl Street Nightclub. Her performance was as controversial as exciting; a form of performance art that is meant to entice the senses and arouse the mind.

The show begins with clips from her early porn- it was bad. Really bad. We had the seventies lounge music going on in the background, and Annie as a young girl, lying on the bed with an absolutely grotesque looking man geering over her. She is wearing some skimpy outfit of a crop top and a pair of panties, playing cards. The man, who begins the conversation comes on saying, "hey baby, give me some head." Sprinkle is talking the audience through the clip sitting on a lounge chair next to the screen making jokes about how romantic the movie was. The man forces her to give him a blow job, but the scene is obviously geared to a man's enjoyment, she quickly gets into what she is doing, and by the end of the scene, she is covered in his semen. How erotic. Then another cum scene. And another. Cum shot after cum shot after cum shot. I thought I was going to puke.

But Sprinkle's sexual improv does not end there. She discusses her desire to experience everything, and by that she means everything. The next section of the show was on her involvement with the S/M scene, showing clips from movies entitled *Kneel Before Me*. Whips and chains galore, spanking and screams. The heart of the audience was pounding, it could be

smelled. It was scary. But she concluded the section by talking about how with S/M there must be a limit, and finding pleasure in pain had caused the death of one of her lovers. Wearing a pair of boxing gloves, she definitely looked like a bitch in an evening gown who knew how to throw a punch.

No porn star is complete until they start directing their own films, and Annie began with writing her first six page script, got together some genitals, and made a few thousand dollars. Go Annie.

You might be saying to yourself "God, she sounds like a grade- A whore." Well, in fact she is, and then she'll tell you why she's proud of that. Whores are fun, they are not afraid to be naked, they wear crazy clothes, and endless other reasons. Haven't you ever felt like a whore? (During intermission you got to take a picture of Annie's tits on your head.)

Is that all? NO! I'm not finished playing with your mind yet. Since the beginning of her career, the audience was lucky enough to receive a list of all the things she had inserted into her vagina. Aside from the penis and the vibrator, of course. Cucumbers, carrots, fruit, toothbrushes, candle sticks... Then she pulled out the American flag. I'll leave out the section on love, and move right on to her communications section.

Why is porn good? Porn is good because it arouses, it explores other people's genitals, which is quite intriguing. But more than that, if the woman is in control of her sexuality, and wants to be doing it, then hey, why the hell not? In places where porn is illegal, women are usually forced to wear long veils to cover their face and deny their sexu-

ality. That's not good. An Australian radio station discussed her and concluded the discussion with a speech by Adolf Hitler. That's not good. They did not seem to like this Jewish porn star who masturbates and has loud sex. Did I mention that she is a lesbian? Are we not a people that believes in freedom?

After giving a chalk board lesson on all the different types of sexuality- and there are a lot, the audience was raving and the excitement in the air clouded around like a dense fog. And then, then we got to watch her masturbate. The orgasmic waves pounded out of her throat, filmed outside, softly touch a tree, leaning against it, with the help of a vibrator, getting higher, reaching a climax, moaning, crying, and at one with nature- and her G-spot. She had to remind the audience to breathe. It was really easy to forget. What is it about a woman masturbating? It is so spiritual yet so earthly in that it pertains directly to the physical body.

For the finale, her wife, came on stage to perform with her. A hardcore butch, covered in tattoos, wearing black leather pants, playing the guitar, and singing to her. Annie lights the candles. The couple was so beautiful, so in love, so into each other that the audience felt that they were perhaps forgotten. A kiss. Do they have to wait till they go home? They giggle and stare into each others eyes. Love, what a beautiful thing, the conclusion to *Hardcore from the Heart*. After years of cum shots, she finds her woman. What a happy yet sexually frustrating ending. The silently laughing crying women filed out. Only a sex goddess can do that. What a slutty sex goddess.

*-Rebecca Mazer, Contributor*



# A Sprinkle of Urine

The Annie Sprinkle show, I must admit, had some great moments. For instance, I applaud Annie Sprinkle for attempting to reclaim the word "whore" and remove some of the negative connotation from it. The way she addressed the criticism she gets from people who call her work "smut" was superb. Her list of over twenty things she has put in her pussy over the years was quite amusing (I especially liked the pussy hand puppet that she had sing the list). And the height of the show may very well have been when she pulled an American flag out of her ass. My criticism of Annie Sprinkle does not stem from the fact that her performance art is sexually explicit. It's not that I have a problem with.

My main problem with Annie Sprinkle is that she is stupid. Or, at least, she says a number of incredibly stupid things. In her show she made many blanket statements about extremely controversial issues which she didn't even attempt to justify. Take this example: she brings up the issue of the connection between rape and pornography. She accurately states that some people believe that the culture of pornography creates a climate where men objectify women and believe that when women say "no" they don't really mean it. Her response to this belief is perhaps the most moronic thing I have ever heard. She suggests that pornography prevents rape because horny men will sit at home and masturbate to porn instead of going out and getting themselves some of the real thing by force. Don't get me wrong - I don't think that porn causes rape. But she completely ignores the concept that rape is not about sex and sexual desire, but rather about power and systematic methods to subjugate women.

Another dumb statement by Annie Sprinkle: in one part of her show, she claims that the hemorrhoids on her ass prevented her from getting

AIDS. She says that if anal sex wasn't so painful, she would have had much more of it. Therefore, because she didn't have anal sex, she did not get AIDS. Then she thanks god for her hemorrhoids, or something like that. Okay, dumbass. You didn't not get AIDS because you refrained from anal sex. You didn't get AIDS because you were lucky. Unprotected vaginal sex transmits HIV, too, and you've certainly had enough of that.

More thoughtless statements: she suggests that S/M is connected to violence against women without considering that S/M might be a healthy way to play out issues of power and inequality in bed so it doesn't have to effect the rest of your life. And she says with some pride that as long as you have a pussy, you will always have a way to support yourself, without addressing the problems of a system in which sometimes the only way a woman can make a buck is through exploiting her body.

The Grande Finale was the worst of it all. Annie Sprinkle tells the audience that she is happily married and monogamous, and the whole crowd cheers. She shows us pictures of her and her wife in traditional wedding gowns, and we're supposed to get all happy because she has embraced the traditional values of marriage, and yes (I'm sorry but I have to use this word) the patriarchy. I must admit, I have a personal vendetta out there for queers who lobby for the right to marry and embrace the institution of marriage, an institution that has historically been used to oppress women and make them the physical and sexual property of men. Annie Sprinkle, of all people, shouldn't embrace this newest fad that is masquerading around as a legitimate agenda for gay rights advocates. As a lesbian, feminist (or so she claims) advocate for sexual freedom, Annie Sprinkle should know much better.

By this point the whole audience has tears of happiness in their eyes. "Someday I hope I fall in love like that," I could imagine them thinking. I just don't get it. Annie Sprinkle embraces patriarchal values and a social institution that has been used to control and dominate women, and I'm supposed to get all emotional and teary-eyed? I don't think so.

At the end of the show she brings her wife up on stage and has her sing a song (I don't remember what it was, but it was inevitably cheezy). By this time my girlfriend and I were doubled over, laughing, while another friend was biting her lip in an attempt to be a bit more polite. Just one thought kept running through my head: "Are we really supposed to swallow this shit?" This time, I'm sad to say, Annie Sprinkle has bitten off more than she can chew. She is great at making lesbian, feminist pornography and going around the country showing her cervix to the world. I only wish she would think more about the statements she makes before she opens her mouth for something other than giving some man a blow job.

*Jen Lav, Contributor*

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## Errata

There were a couple of minor errors last issue. First off, the quote. "If That Was a Word, it Would be Mispelled." It should have read "If That Was a Word, it Would be Misspelled." Also, "Proofreading" read "'proofreadingr." That should be it. If you find any errors, please e-mail them to [Omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:Omen@hampshire.edu).

*-The Editors*



## In Search of Fiddles

We have to start this article out by telling you the premise of our column. It is things we do **after** we smoke. Hence the name, "It's 4:21!" which is never printed for some inane reason. We are editors, so one would think that we could proofread our own damn column, but instead we need other moronic Omen staffers to delete crucial words of our articles, but we digress... Anyway, after we spend our days standing out in the freezing cold at UMASS rallies, we like to stand outside yet again waiting to get into the Iron Horse, in order to sling back a couple cold ones of Stewart's Orange-Creme Ale. However, this time we had an interesting encounter - we saw 'ole St. Nick himself! It appeared that he was with Mrs. Claus by whom he was pussy-whipped. We decipher this information based on the fact that she called shotgun and made him sit in the back. Dear Santa Claus was not terribly happy about this and took to mumbling to himself. Because of this we thought that she was perhaps taking him back to the mental hospital. Casey then gave Santa a blow job in order to secure good Christmas presents this year.

Upon entering the building we realized that it was infested with 14yr.old goths, which inspired Aemily to say, "Those girls are, like, too little to be dressed like that." What do 14yr.old goths have to do with an Irish-pop band, like the Big Geraniums? Nothing. One of the 6 band members was ill and could not attend the show, which was a good thing because there would not have

been enough room on the stage. We tenderly termed the rhythm guitarist Jones Reed, Frankenstein's Monster, because of his boogey-man appearance. Also, the lead singer Neil McCartney was described as a faggot. He was seen grooming and then shanking sheep at Hampshire College later that night.

Our first impression was that they were two-chord wonders who could have a video on MTV's buzz bin. The **Big Geraniums** seemed suspiciously reminiscent of the **Gin Blossoms**. Both the lead singer/fiddler and the lead guitarist jammed and wove the sounds of their instruments through each other creating a fine musical scarf. At times it sounded like the soundtrack music from the up and coming movie, *Weekend At Bernie's 3: The Celts Invade The Caribbean*. The lead singer/fiddler kept trying to signal to the sound guy to turn up the fiddle's amp but there was a deep rooted conspiracy against Jenn, the fiddle freak, who always wanted more.

At one point we had the pleasure of hearing one of the band members play the Ukelele, which is derived from the Hawaiian word for flea. Speaking of Flea, it was suggested by Casey that the bass player should be more like Flea in the tighty-whitey fashion and less like the dork that he is. Speaking of dorks, Frankenstein's Monster sported his lobotomized feeble mind frequently by saying boring comments such as, "The food's still the same here." Unfortunately, Frankenstein's Monster was not the

only band member to say stupid comments. The lead singer/fiddler stated that one of the songs was "about sex basically. Basically about sex." Then Frankenstein's Monster responded with, "a basic manual about sex." While another band member admitted that it was **basically** about "manual sex." However, the problem with the song was that it wasn't really mood music unless you are one of those people that gets off on CNN.

Now here's a random thought from Casey during the show, "Now that I think of it, the lead singer looks like David Byrne (of Talking Heads)...no wait, holy shit, he's not the lead singer anymore, he was demoted to electric Ukelele player. They should get another guitarist and give Frankenstein's Creation a tambourine to beat on his deformed head."

Overall, the Big Geraniums were like having half a glass of Guinness the day before St. Patrick's Day. But it was amusing to watch them dance their jigs. We don't care whether they are Big Geraniums, small sunflowers, or green grass, they are cool. ●●(1/2)

●●●●If you can't have an orgasm, at least you have this

●●●Like having a Guinness on St. Patrick's Day

●●Like a glass that's half full, rather than half empty

●You'd rather hang out with editor in chief Jon Klein

-Casey, Nordell, Jenn Barr-DiPiazza,  
Aemily dara Reshen, Editors

# An Open Letter From E-2

Hello. I am writing because people have been writing some inaccurate things about my hall, and I am hurt that they seem not to realize the truth. I was horrified to discover the terribly mistaken portrayals of my hall in past issues of *The Omen*. Undoubtedly the authors meant well, but...well...First of all I do not have a large collection of swords. I do have hanging on my wall three weapons: a foil named Uriel, a Scottish Claymore whose name is too sacred to ever be written down, and Anakin, my halberd, which looketh nothing like a sword — how could you ever do him the injustice of appelling him thusly?!? Thank you.

Now, let me also clear up a little RUMOR about a fire extinguisher being discharged on my hall. The fine white powder in evidence on my hall on the fifteenth of February was a neutralized form of the noxious khok-breath of a jabberwocky. The smell of rotting road-kill also referred to is merely the stench of the jabberwocky's head which rests on my wall next to my imperial storm trooper helmet (I imperfectly tanned the jabberwocky's hide and have since apologized to my hallmates and am currently attempting to cure it again, a process made more difficult by the imperfect initial curing). You may be wondering, "why does he have the head of a jabberwocky on his wall?" The answer is simple; I slew it in mortal combat a fort-

night ago and hung its head as a symbol of my manhood. I can just hear all you hippies crying out, "oh, the poor, innocent jabberwocky! Why ever would you do such a thing?" Let me tell you something. If you had lived the life I have, you would know one thing: a jabberwocky is never innocent! And the moment you feel sorry for it is the moment it reaches out its leathery hands with its nine inch claws and guts you, laughing at your messily dissected corpse lying lifeless in the refuse that constitutes its lair. This particular jabberwocky had been feasting on the Hampshire sheep, a fact covered up by the administration because they thought its knowledge would reduce enrollment. Seven days and seven nights I and my brave companions fought in battle so fierce and hot that our elvin chainmail began to melt by the fifth day. Finally, as the first rays of the rising sun shined over Merrill, I stood alone facing the jabberwocky, my friends fallen either dead or dying and my mithril dagger (my last unbroken weapon) stuck in its eyesocket. It reared back and spewed forth a billowing cloud of its noxious kokh-breath, poisoning my body in its last attempt to conquer my spirit. Blind and choking, nearly losing heart, I suddenly felt the presence of Luke Skywalker, as whom I am destined to be reincarnated. He appeared to me as a tsohg, the opposite of a haunting presence from the past dead, a tsohg comes from a being that

has yet to liveth. "Use the force" he bade my khok-blighted body. Reaching out to the power that flows through all things, I took up the two-handed +2 peace-maker sword of my fallen comrade and, summoning all my strength, sent it singing through the air like a banshee foretelling death. The magical blade cleaved through flesh and bone as it sliced through the neck of that hideous monster, the jabberwocky, giving flight to its head and causing a geyser of hot, cruelly burning blood to issue forth from its loathsomely twitching form. I kept the head, and as I have said, it resides now on my wall, poorly cured.

Because of the government conspiracy to suppress the truth of such happenings by forever silencing those who speak out (i.e. heinously murdering the truth-tellers), I beg you to keep this information confined to the people of the Hampshire community, all of whom I know are of good faith and strong moral fiber, raised with proper family values.

-Ben Tomczak, Contributor

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*The Glass is Half Empty  
The Glass is Half Full He Spoke  
So I Shot him Dead*

-Jordan Strauss



## Pam Responds....

Okay, I have to put Ask Pam on hold this week to address a very serious problem: people who have no concept of reality. This is an open letter in response to the gamer who was felt the need to respond to my article two weeks ago. First of all, I will stand corrected, gamers do not necessarily have a "large collection of swords," they have a large collection of weapons. (Although a foil is by definition a fencing SWORD)

Second, the white powder on E-2 was not the evidence of a jabberwocky, it was in fact from a fire extinguisher. I am confident in this knowledge for two reasons. Number one, the fire department would not come out here over jabberwocky breath, and number two the jabberwocky does not exist.

Stop kidding yourself, you poor deluded fool. Welcome to

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### Ask Pam

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*Pamela Greenberg, Omen Staffer*

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the real world where real people deal with real problems and real situations. Don't get me wrong, I have no problems with imagination and creativity. On the contrary, I think these are wonderful and desirable qualities. My problem is when these things cross the line into delusion. You need to admit that there is no jabberwocky and that your life is lived in a hallucinogenic lie. Deal with it. You astound me with your lack of real world based ideas and language (looketh?!). I had originally planned on making the article two weeks ago a wide-spread criticism of all Hampshire stereotypes, in order to fairly alienate everyone. Unfortunately, your letter has made me have to zero in on the gamer group. I do apologize to all of

the gamers who got a good laugh at my article and wished to continue with their lives, although I'm wondering if this was not an uncommon response. To all you cape-wearing, weapon-carrying, jabberwocky-slaying, D&D-playing, foul-smelling, fantasy-living freaks have a problem with what I'm saying then by all means, Biteth me!

Ask Pam will be back to its original form next week so please send questions to askpam@neural.hampshire.edu

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*If You're Interested in writing regularly for The Omen, please contact Jordan at 582-4666, or Jon at 549-4600, extension 5241. If you're interested in doing distribution to Enfield, please contact Jordan or Jon.*

-The Editors

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## Let's Hear It for Crapulence!

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I love SAGA! The piercing odor of baked cod, provoking nausea and vomiting. Those wonderful, crusty "quesadillas" which they ought to rename "cheese bricks." (These guys have no sense of marketing.) As far as those "quesadillas" go, I recommend you stick them directly in the toilet, thus eliminating the middleman.

But seriously, certain folks at SAGA have been on the warpath lately, up in arms about our whining and criticism. I wonder why we complain after being assaulted night after night with foodstuffs which simply cry out to be placed directly in the crapper. Of course, student workers at SAGA, the lowly peons and serfs, do not deserve

to be blamed for the wretched food. Kill the chef.

Do you ever leaf through the dictionary? Webster's Handy College Dictionary vividly defines diarrhea as "The abnormally frequent evacuation of the bowels." The New Webster's Dictionary provides an even more colorful definition, which describes diarrhea as "The morbidly frequent evacuation of the intestines." For example: The Cheese Bricks at SAGA induce the morbidly frequent evacuation of the intestines.

The verb "vomit" is defined "To eject the contents of the stomach through the mouth." For instance: Cheap vodka and SAGA food make me

vomit in a violent fashion.

The beautiful word "crapulence" is defined as "Sickness from too much food or drink." As in: After another drunken meal at SAGA I like to wallow in my own crapulence. Very poignant indeed.

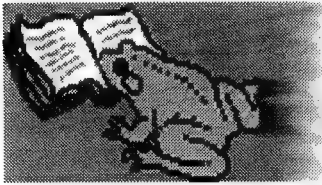
-Bert Cattivera, Contributor

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*Interpretive  
Dance*

*Jordan Strauss  
1997*



# **Retrospect**

Hampshire Student Activities 1969-Present

## **Some Hampshire History**

Occasionally, I'll perambulate the library and discover an unexpectedly interesting text or archive. My latest find has been a document compiled by Timothy Shary (F86) roughly labeled A History of Student Achievements and Activities at Hampshire College 1969-1990. Shary dove into the archives of Hampshire student newspapers and obscure documents to collect the data, which I am doing again as I update the text to the present as part of my Division II. While in the process of the task, I will share some of the more interesting tidbits of Hampshire student lore from Shary's research and my own in this serial.

November 11, 1991: As seen in the Permanent Press' security log "This week seemed to be a pretty uneventful one at Hampshire. Security rendered assistance in rescuing a stranded frisbee from the roof of FPH Friday afternoon, proving that they don't just exist to bust people." [The Permanent Press, 11/21/91]

May 1, 1974: An estimated 60% of the students on the meal plan refrain from eating at SAGA in support of a nationwide fast for Oxfam programs raising money for the drought-stricken regions of Sub-Saharan Africa.

[Shary: Climax 5/7/74]

October 3, 1973: Students picket Atkins Farm in support of the United Farmworker's lettuce and grape strike. [Shary: Climax 10/9/73]

February 24, 1979: Over 60 students form a human blockade around the Hampshire Mall "Freebus" when it arrives on campus shortly after noon; protesting the economic and social impact of the mall and its bus service, students demand that the bus never return; it never does. [Shary: Climax 3/9/79]

October 10, 1974: third-year student Mimi Shanley is SAGA Food Service's one millionth customer at the dining commons; she is rewarded with a special free dinner, a booklet of meal tickets, and a three year old bottle of Chateau Cantemere. [Shary: 10/10/74]

September 9, 1980: The National Enquirer names Hampshire "America's most expensive institution of higher learning" with combined costs for the 1980-81 school year hitting \$6,500. [Shary: Climax 10/6/80]

October 13, 1990: Christopher Columbus is hung in effigy outside the Johnson Library Center. [The Permanent Press 10/19/90]

September 1990: A Community Council referendum to ban the sale of cigarettes on campus is defeated 377 to 137. Cigarette sales compose of 20% of the College SnackBar revenue. [The Permanent Press, 10/19/90]

November 18, 1971: The first ever Hampshire newspaper is published.

The header of the paper includes two marijuana leaves on either side of the title, "Climax." [Climax 11/18/71]

November 3, 1980: Student Sue Strait has won the Women's World Flying Disc Championship. [Shary: 11/3/80]

November 21, 1991: The Headline of the Permanent Press: "Preregistration: A Lower Level of Hell?" Students criticize the brand new preregistration system for its long lines, lack of organization, and questionable relevancy. [The Permanent Press, 11/21/91]

December 9, 1982: After a three month strike in which many Hampshire students joined, the owners of the Gnomon copy center in Amherst have agreed to several of the protesting employees' demands.

[Shary: Apostrophe 12/9/82]

November 17, 1980: After the Prescott Tavern was closed last year due to losing revenue following the raising of the drinking age, College Relations Intern David Starr and a group of students have reopened the Tavern to serve as a coffee house. [Shary: Climax 11/17/80]

[To be Continued Next Week]

-Brenden Tamilio, Managing Editor

# Jon's Addiction

They only appear once a year, but it's worth the wait. Right around Easter time, those little fluorescent marshmallow candies shaped like birds appear all over the place. Nobody admits that they like them, but they do.

"Peeps" are made by the same folks who bring us Mike & Ike — a small company in the not-so-holy town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

The idea was purchased from Rodda Candy, Co. in 1954, and the candy has been gracing candy stores at Easter time ever since.

When the original Peeps were made in 1954, workers painstakingly squeezed each Peep from a pastry tube and waited 27 hours for the gelatin to set. Today, modern advances in Peep producing technology allow Peeps to be mass produced, and ready for consumption in under seven minutes.

Though they're only available for a limited time, the company estimates that 400 million

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## Fun For All Ages

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*Jon Klein, Editor-in-Cheif*

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are eaten every year. I personally account for at least 100, without fail.

Now despite my need to eat the things in such ridiculous quantities, I have a dark secret... I can't stand anything made out of marshmallow.

It makes me sick. The words 'Moon Pie' make me completely nauseous. Something about Peeps is different though. It started about this time last year...

See, last year I picked up a tradition from a friend. A tradition I expect to last my entire lifetime. It just so happens, that the appearance of Peeps often coincides with the first warm day of spring...

I mean the first t-shirt day of spring. Peeps are usually available at about the time the hippies recover from their coma-like sleep.

On this chosen holy day, I like to go out for a nice dinner.

Spend as much as possible at an expensive sushi bar. That's the usual strategy. Sometimes Dan comes along and he pays. Dan's neat that way.

Anyway, after filling myself until I can eat no more, I make a trip to CVS. I spend \$20 on only Peeps and Mountain Dew. Then I get in to the car and drive as fast as humanly possible, filling myself with marshmallow goodness and the caffienated beverage of the gods.

Windows all the way down, I speed around the crazy mountain roads with the music turned up all the way. Operation Ivy, Xrayspex, and Jane's Addiction are all good choices.

I'm still waiting for the perfect day to come along. We seem to have had a couple of them already, but the weather keeps changing its mind.

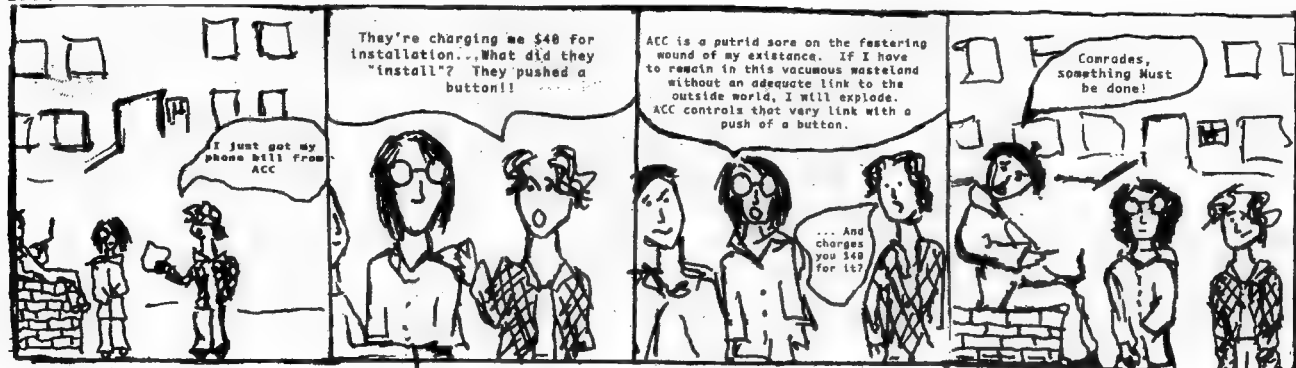
Keep your eye out for the perfect day, and then just let all hell break loose.

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### It All Started One Day...

Amber Cortes

1997





# Philosophy of Language:

## The Language of Dreams

Last night I dreamt that I left my dorm room door open when I went to the bathroom, only to return to find my room completely bare and devoid of all my belongings. (This is actually a deep rooted fear of mine which I am not at all surprised to find in my dream scape.) Then I called my mom and told her that all my worldly possessions were gone. She told me not to worry because my grandmother had just died and left me all her money (which, in the dream, was about \$8,000) so I could just buy new stuff.

When I awoke this morning, I cursed my subconscious again for being so fucked up. But later in the day, as dream memories resurfaced, and my Omen article deadline was growing nearer and nearer, I began to think about language and dreams and wondered if there was enough to fill a column with.

So the first thing that came to mind was the presence of language in dreams. There is a school of thought that theorizes that there is in fact no sound present in human dreams. That's a pretty big claim to make, but there's more. Not only is there no sound, but, the theory goes on to state, that the reason there is no sound is because of natural selection. In other words it is advantageous for humans to dream a soundless environment.

The name of this bold

## The Cunning Linguist

*Casey Nordell, Linguistics Editor*

theory is "The Vigilance Hypothesis". It states that any sensory input that is critical to vigilance (that is, a sense of the real world around oneself, in terms of safety) cannot be created by the brain to exist in the dream world, because then one's vigilance would be compromised. In other words, if something is important to waking you up in order to save your ass, it won't be in the dream because either it would wake you up unnecessarily when it was only an illusion of danger, or you would fail to wake up in the presence of real danger, thinking mistakenly that it was part of the dream.

For example, you're some dirty troglodyte settling in on the jungle floor for some sleep. Just as you drift off into the dream world, you hear a ferocious tiger roar. You wake up startled, your eyes darting frantically around searching out the space between the trees for danger. You see nothing. Realize that it was a dream, and go back to sleep. Yet this happens many times, throughout the night, and you get little sleep. This is bad.

The other possibility of course is that in the middle of your slumber you hear a mighty tiger roar, but it's just part of your dream, right? But you are devoured in your sleep because it was real.

So the point of the vigilance hypothesis is that a tiger's roar would not be part of your dream, and, in fact, no

noise would really be part of your dream, because the body system which is monitoring sound, is monitoring the outside "real" world, not the one your mind has created in your dream. Dreams are composed of mainly visual data (because your eyes are closed during sleep, and for the most part you cannot gather much visual input from the "real" world) and some emotions to fill in the gaps.

Now, I know what you're saying. You cannot believe that the dream world is silent. You can't understand how there could be no sound in your dreams, because sometimes it seems like there is. Well, there are two exceptions. It turns out that there are specialized parts of the brain dedicated to language and music. So there may seem to be speech and/or songs in your dream, but they are not processed by the auditory centers of the brain, but rather by these parts of the brain. For instance, in my dream last night, when I was on the phone with my mom, what I actually heard her saying might have been nothing, or it may have been something akin to the sounds the adults make when talking to Charlie Brown and co. on Peanuts, but I understood what she meant by the words, because that part was being processed by the language unit of my brain. This is why in some dreams, people can say one thing, but you can interpret it as another.

# SAGA Nightmares

I saunter into the cafeteria, my belly aching with an emptiness so deep; the fluid, gurgling noises echo thunderously, bouncing off of my stomach lining. After standing in line for eons, I hand my I.D. card to the lady at the counter. Her hand reaches out gently to grasp the card. A lovely smile is on her beautiful, porcelain face. Suddenly her hand transforms into a wicked, black claw seizing my I.D. and thrusting it violently into the diabolic machine. Her face has metamorphosed into a horrible grinning demon and her mouth moves to produce an eerie, guttural sound. I dive over the desk, rip the ID from her claws and sprint downstairs.

Gasping for breath, I open my eyes to behold the familiar dining sanctuary. I nimbly collect my immaculate eating utensils and stroll over to a counter holding giant vessels of colorful, glowing liquid. I release the switch and the Olympian nectar flows into my cup. I turn around as the musky scent of fresh-cooked chicken breast hits my nostrils. I can't control myself from stuffing copious amounts of roasted bird

carcasses onto my plate. Grinning and drooling, I move through the cafeteria to accumulate more glorious edibles.

I find myself at a new counter, goggling at some miscellaneous vegetable matter fried in a gooey sauce that is giving off an intoxicating aroma. I pile it onto my plate and look over my shoulder at the very moment that two frowning creatures are staring disgustedly at my horde of skinned chicken corpses.

I quickly realize that I'm an intruder lurking in the vegetarian section! Icy fear grips my spine and I make a run for it before the veg-heads can respond with menacing cries, "MURDERER!"

Finally, ages later I am sitting with some warm companions who are conversing casually at a massive, circular table. I smile genuinely at them and they return the smile and I am pleased with them. I snatch up my fork and get ready to dive whole-heartedly into the heavenly feast prepared on my plate, when quite suddenly I am interrupted by a whiny voice.

"You're gonna eat that shit?!"

I peer down at my plate watching my food deteriorating into a sticky, black mess of feces! I push the tray away and stand up clutching my abdomen as sick, nausea wells up in my being. Instantly I am startled by a man-sized beaver that leaps out of its seat and hands me my glass of juice. I stare down at the glass of magenta liquid held by those huge, furry paws and slowly I take the cup to my lips and drink.

The flavor is so sickly intense I can hardly bear it. I swallow the mouthful of cranberry bliss and my belly is quelled to such a peaceful state of splendor that I can't hold back a deep sigh. The beaver-man sits back down and motions to me to take my seat. I sit back down at the table gaping in wonder at the monstrous creature seated at my right.

The beaver-thing speaks, "Hey, I'll eat that shit if your feeling sick."

-Carl Dordelman, Contributor

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## Why I Hate The Omen

....this is going to be hard, but I really need the beer.

Hmmm. Well, there's not much to say, because, I actually love The Omen.

I know I'll always be able to pick up a copy and be blown away by the numbing arsenal of those inexhaustible modes of expression,

1. cynicism
2. sarcasm
3. sardony
4. sarcynicism
5. irocasn
6. channelling the frustrations of forced celibacy into text
7. cynicism

It gives my pancreas little leaps of joy to know that these seething unlaidd

me-so-witty idiot savants are finally able to get back at those kids who beat them up in high school by bitterly lashing out at hippies and any student who decides that they should monitor their 30K investment. And any left over angst from spending prom nite with Rover can always be voiced with some half-hearted smatterings of misogyny.

What about the racism? I want to read a funny article about darkies, and I want Jon Klein to write it. That is, if he can tear himself away from his copies of "How To Turn Someone Off In 1.327 Seconds" and "The Joy of Chemical Imbalance." It would be fun to see him get expelled too.

I want to know tho. Do the editors and the staff have crushes on each other after alienating all other possibilities? Do you fantasize about each other

when you beat off? Or do you just mutter "Oh God I'm clever."

a Haiku for you.

backs bruised, red hand marks  
self flagellation ensues  
"we're witty" they shout

keep up the good work, closet gamers. your words doth possess many hit points.

Sincerely,  
Richard Wright.

p.s. whoops. libel.

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Richard-  
Stop by J-309 For your beer.  
-The Editors

# And Now, Another Short Story

All right, I don't really know why I'm writing my article now. Probably because it's 4 hours until the deadline. I don't think I've ever felt more uninspired than I do right now. So...I really hate people who divide everyone into subcultures. It seems like any group of more than 3 people who all do one specific thing is a subculture. I enjoy q-tipping, so am I part of a q-tip subculture? And now...a short scenario.

Setting: Hampshire college, many years in the future. After the sheep cloning revolution of 1999, the sheep eventually took over campus and, subsequently, the world. A few years, and millions of dollars later, the new sheep leaders had run Hampshire College, and the rest of the world into the ground. The economy had long since gone to hell and a nuclear holocaust ensued. Today is a significant day; the 3 remaining humans on the planet are gathered in the yurt. Somehow, only myself, Mr. Myagi, and some other random girl were able to survive the radiation. The only other life which remains are a handful of genetically warped sheep who wander about aimlessly on three legs, bleating pitifully. This day is important because Mr. Myagi, is on his deathbed. He had held on for a month

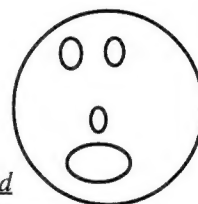
or two, tetering on the precipice of demise, but now the icy hand of death was firmly clenched about his throat as he lay on the floor of the yurt. The random girl and I are crouched on either side of him, anticipating his fate. He opens his misty eyes and looks up at her, then me. His dry lips part as he speaks. "I just want to tell you both one thing...before I am sent to the next plane...I...I...", he stammers. I look at the girl. She looks at me. We look back at Mr. Myagi. He is still trying to spit out his dying words. "I...I..."

"I love you?", I hear myself and the girl say in perfect unison. Simply trying to help a dying man pronounce his last words, you see. We both had assumed that that was what he was trying to tell us; we had looked after him for months. We had nursed him, bringing him pine nuts and small furry woodland creatures, or whatever we could dig up from the smoldering remains of SAGA. And as we stooped over this kind old man in the yurt, as we both simultaneously asked him, was it 'I love you' that you were trying to tell us in your last breath, he opened his eyes wider. We were poised on the tip of anticipation. He spoke...

"Jinx. One, two, three, four, five..."

...and that was it. His eyes rolled stalwart and his tongue lolled about in his old, wrinkled mouth. The old man was dead. I looked up from his body, in horror, at the random girl. She did the same. Our mouths were both agape in disbelief. The old man had jinxed us! We couldn't speak unless one of our names were spoken aloud by a third party, which, as circumstance would have it, didn't exist. We stared at each other for a minute which seemed like ten years and felt an impending shadow of doom leering over both of us. The only two humans left on the face of the earth and we couldn't speak to each other. I remember reeling back on my knees, arching my spine, and releasing a bloodcurdling silent scream towards the ceiling of the yurt. Somewhere a sheep with two heads bleated.

-Jeff Barnett, Omen Staffer



Good Head  
Jordan Strauss  
1997

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## A Science Bulletin From Dr. Engelhard

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### Advances in TIA

With all of the hype about the advances in cloning recently there have been numerous other scientific breakthroughs that have been overlooked by the media. Among these is the discovery of Temporary Inter-molecular Assimilation (TIA). This is commonly referred to as Ghosting and allows objects to be passed through solid surfaces and end up intact on the otherside. Until recently there hadn't been much excitement about ghosting because of it's impracticality, but a couple of months ago a team of Canadian scientists managed to pass a frog through a brick wall (after many messy attempts). This opened a whole new world

### of possibilities for TIA.

Later a monkey and sheep were succesfully ghosted through numerous materials.

TIA is based on the theory that everything is made of molecules and that there is space between these molecules. On a very small scale every mass (living or non-living) has the same negative space in them. If an object or animal can be accelerated enough into a solid barrier the molecules will mesh. With more acceleration the molecules of the moving mass will continue on through the barrier and rejoin on the other side. It's an old idea, but only since recent technology has it become a reality.

On February 24, 1997 at the Kelowna

Research Institute a human being was succesfully ghosted through a cement wall. Much controversy has emerged over this procedure. Many people have left the TIA project for moral reasons. It is concievable that in the future any average joe can be ghosted whenever he damn well pleases. For the time being though, only the super wealthy could afford ghosting sessions. I am hoping that, after all this controversy about cloning dies down and it becomes a part of our lives, there will be more attention paid to TIA and its endless possibilities.

-Seth Engelhard, Omen Staffer



# Some Short Fiction

## Minty Toothpick

I am sitting in the air-conditioned Beau Club on a sweltering Sunday afternoon, relishing a double whiskey with a twist. A few stools separate me from a breathtakingly beautiful specimen, a young girl who can't be more than eighteen years old. Suavely, I down the double whiskey in a long, protracted gulp. I order another double, and consume it in a single, elegant motion.

The girl, clearly impressed by my awesome display of power drinking, scoots over to the stool adjacent to mine. She orders me another double.

"Do it again," she pleads in admiration. I obey her wishes, and she appears noticeably pleased. I introduce myself. Her name is purportedly something like "Nia" or "Niae." I wonder, for I am clever, whether she has given me a false name, or pseudonym. Women must have their little games, of course.

I grope at her well-shaped body to make certain that she isn't wired. Since we are alone in the bar aside from Rusty, the bartender, I bust out my trusty cocaine vial and sprinkle a prodigious amount of the white crystalline powder right onto the bar, and chop it up into a fine powder to aid nasal absorption. We toot a few lines of the powerful blow, and I hand Rusty a \$20 bribe, urging him to go play the Video Poker machine and leave us alone. "Help yourselves to

drinks from the bar, guys," he says.

I spring into action and leap behind the bar, mixing beers, pouring out shots, decanting decanters, and shaking Martinis like a seasoned expert. A hobby of mine.

I am reminded of a "game" I used to engage in as a small child. A few of my more rebellious cohorts and I used to consume massive amounts of non-alcoholic beer (alcohol content: .05%) in a misguided and futile attempt to reach a state of drunkenness. We never could seem to reach that elusive plateau of inebriation we so desperately sought. Eventually we resorted to beerbonging entire cases of the hellbrew. We would invariably vomit. The vomiting became a bizarre, ritualistic aspect of the "game." For kicks we also used to stand around in a circle and blow as hard as possible on our thumbs until we blacked out. Then we would recount the vivid dreams we had experienced in our trancelike states.

"Nia" and I quaff a few more drinks. We enjoy a light but wholesome meal at the bar: She has a bowl of soup and I order a \$30 steak. I pop a delicious minty toothpick in my mouth. We retire to my swanky apartment uptown.

I'm sporting my designer Italian shades, as well as a minimally-buttoned Italian silk shirt, and the minty toothpick is dangling from my Italian mouth. I'm

feeling pretty cool right about now.

Confidently, I lean toward her to peck at her cheek, forgetting the minty toothpick still perched in my mouth.

I skewer her cheek with the toothpick, and she starts gushing blood like a goddamn spigot. I decide to try to ameliorate this embarrassing scene with humor, begging her to "please cheese it on the hemophiliac routine," while placing a styptic hand firmly on her cheek to staunch the flow of blood.

She doesn't react too well to this, instructing me to remove my "stinking paws" from her face. She launches into an impressive tirade and knees me in the balls, revealing a well-hidden physical strength.

I scream "Bi-atch!" and I mutilate her with my dagger. She dies quickly. I dump her lifeless, yet attractive body down the garbage incinerator chute; I wash up, and enjoy a celebratory cigar.

-Bert Cattivera, Contributor

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*Good at art? Stick figure art? Interested in having something to do with The Omen? Contact Jordan Strauss or Jon Klein. We're looking for someone to fill in for our current father figure, currently in div. 3 hell. If you're on Valium, it's a plus.*

# Barnett on Boone

I thought I had heard everything. I consider myself an audiophile, not in terms of obscene amounts of stereo equipment and sound systems, but in that I'd like to think that I like a rather diverse spectrum of music.

Then I bought the album, "Pat Boone in a Metal Mood; No More Mr. Nice Guy".

Originally, I bought it for my mom, a member of the Pat Boone Fan Club since age seven, as a joke. But upon listening, I think she might have to get a copy of her own. This is absolutely the most absurd thing I have ever heard. In the words of a hallmate, Bert Cattavera, "...this is so large." The first track, "You've Got Another Thing Coming", originally by Judas Priest, didn't do much for me. I instantly dug on the big-band arrangements of these well-known songs of rock, but I've never been such a big Judas Priest fan. Track two, Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water", was when I began to tap my toes. From Dweezil Zappa's grating guitar, intro into the addition of a full horn section (you know that riff; du-du-DUH, du-du-d-DUH), I was hooked. Track three, AC/DC's "It's a Long Way to the Top if you want to Rock and Roll", has a killer horn arrangement. Really catchy. It was during this song that I pondered who was more white; AC/DC or Pat Boone? Van

Halen's "Panama" is the fourth track on this "unprecedented mix of milk and metal". This "Panama" has a Latin beat and uses the riff from the original "Panama" as fillers. I think Pat really cut loose on this track. There's all this Latin big-band mambo stuff going on as they break it down towards the end, with this little guitar solo in the background through all of it. The title track, Alice Cooper's "No More Mr. Nice Guy", is about as threatening as The Simpsons' Reverend Lovejoy. I actually found the verses sort of discordant. Good backup singers though. On track six, Nazareth's "Love Hurts", Pat slows it down. You knew he would. Nice piano, good vocals (if you like Pat Boone's voice). As the strings and flutes filter in, you think to yourself, Nazareth was just asking for this song to be covered by either Pat Boone or Perry Como or somebody else that's probably playing Atlantic City this weekend. I immensely enjoyed Pat's cover of Metallica's "Enter Sandman". It was peppy, upbeat, and the overdubs of both Pat and some kid reciting the "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" prayer simply bring chills to the spine. Ok, I'm confessing my ignorance that I don't know who did "Holy Diver" originally, but there's a moving string arrangement at the beginning. Other than that, this song

didn't do much for me. It was one of the easiest songs to distinguish as Metal. Track nine brings us a lovely cover of Guns & Roses "Paradise City". Pat's satiny voice couldn't sound more different from the shriekings of Axel Rose (a Lafayette, Indiana native, by the way). There's a ripping electric guitar solo, which sounds gratingly out of place, but it's over soon enough. In the liner notes, Pat claims to have never have listened to any of these songs or singers he covers before 1987, when this album was conceived. But somehow, he knows exactly what to do with Jimi Hendrix's "The Wind Cries Mary". That is, if you were going to make a big band version of it. Good song, well done cover. I'm running out of space so I'll make it brief. Ozzy Osbourne's "Crazy Train" is all right; once again, I'm not a big Ozzy fan. The final track, "Stairway to Heaven", is pretty good too. Definitely stands out.

Overall, I thought this album was the funniest things I'd heard in about 10 minutes. It's really classy and well-done. Don't see it as Pat's massacre of classic metal tracks; it's all just so utterly absurd that you have to laugh. As Pat concludes the liner notes, "Party Hearty Dude".

-Jeff Barnett, Omen Staffer

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## Why I Hate The Omen, Part 2

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article. (I am truly sorry, dearest Omen staffers, but this is not the New York Times that you are writing for) I'd rather paste my nipples together and then tear them apart. I'd rather live on B-2. (Oh, no, woe is me, another B-2 reference. How those Omen staffers hate those references. Not enough people understand it, they say, I say who gives a fucking poop?) I'd rather go through life without ever having an orgasm...well maybe that's going too far. I'd rather stick my tongue up a frog's ass. (Oh, no, woe is me, a raunchy statement. How those Omen staffers hate those raunchy statements. Eat my butt cheese off of a silver platter, poop stains!) I'm remembering a time in which the Omen staffers had a sense of humour and were not dried-up people with ten foot poles up their asses. (HEY - Omen staffers - I am calling you A-N-A-L.) But I digress...

Most importantly I think it is vital to mention that when I say Omen staffers I am not referring to them all, but the evil faction trying to rid the world of wit. (By the way I have also heard from a dependable source who only lies occasionally that these same people back Greg Prince and want Hampshire to have grades.)

*Aemily dara Reshen, Music Editor*

# A Crossword About Love

## Across

1. surmounted
5. hurts
10. Grandma
14. Misplace
15. type of radiation
16. irreg.
17. Frank Zappa's romantic request
20. Bludgeoned
21. Great Catholic scholar
22. Coastal Maine town
25. Kettle's counterpart?
26. Auto
29. Tin pan alley
35. Ring
37. River duck
38. *There is no 38. -Ed*
39. Shielding
41. First name in rap

42. Cake's suggestion
43. Hide
44. Price
46. Correspondence
47. Crotchless underwear
50. Venereal unpleasantry
51. Place to get scanned, abbr.
52. Actress Thompson
54. Water plant
58. Pupa's product
62. Bob Marley's personal queery?
67. Item
69. Ascend
70. Boil
72. Approx guesses

## Down

1. Hghts.
2. "Sock it —"

3. Cold capital
4. Whacks
5. Era
6. Atol
7. Insurance grp.
8. Big bird
9. Pink
10. Hub
11. Fresh
12. Alaskan town
13. Prayer ender
18. Flesh
19. Gasoline rating
23. Campy wanna be, for short
24. Dreamy
25. Array of colors
26. Hitch
27. Big artery
28. Numeral type
30. Gremlin's kin?
31. Actor Neeson
32. Indian water vessel
33. Christmas story protagonist \_\_\_ Otter
34. Give up
36. Fence part
40. Put to verse
45. Dutch \_\_\_ disease
48. Weathered
49. Biblical name
53. "that's \_\_\_"
54. Old French coins
55. Actress Anderson
56. Driving felonies
57. Higher dgr.
59. Bird, to Ceasar
60. Adventure
61. Poems
63. Single
64. Indian Tribe
65. Flower's resting spot
66. Trauma Cntrs.

